

HalfJaw

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Summary: the story of the Special Ops Commander from Halo 2

1. Dogma

-1A Covenant cruiser named 'Flames of Glory' continued to the planet Dogma. Hundreds of Grunts, Elites, Jackals, and Hunters waited as they headed towards their destination. One Elite, a red-armored veteran, felt anxious. Although he was a higher rank than the blue-colored amateurs, he only achieved his rank through beating multiple training simulations.

"What exactly are we doing?" asked one blue Elite that was under the veteran's control. The veteran answered "from what I've heard from the ship master, the Prophet of Ponder has wished to have some sort of discussion with the High Prophets." "The High Prophets are here?" the blue-armored alien nearly shouted "with only one ship?" The Elite veteran shrugged his shoulders and walked off, waiting to get off the cruiser.

A rumble in the ship surprised all the aliens. "What that?" question a Grunt. Then came another rumble, more fierce than the last one. "We are under attack!" yelled another red-armored Elite "everyone, prepare for battle!" The two red Elites, the one blue Elite, and four Grunts quickly moved with plasma weapons drawn. They soon saw more Grunts and Elites come out of a boarding craft that had made an opening through a wall. These Covenant appeared to have yellowish green armor, though there isn't that kind of color in the ranking system.

"Die!" screamed a green-armored Elite. The veteran shot his plasma rifle towards two Grunts and hitting them in the face and arm. The green attackers fell quickly, although they did manage to kill the other red Elite. "Heretics" muttered the blue Elite "they come to kill the High Prophets!" The veteran spoke "we cannot fight them here, we must retreat to Dogma!" The other Elite didn't like the idea, but decided to follow his commander and the Grunts to the nearest hanger bay. At the hanger more green armored Elites and

Grunts were attacking the other Covenant. The veteran Elite and his group helped the others and killed the invaders.

Everyone soon entered into drop ships, Seraphs and Banshees and went to Dogma's surface. Green colored artillery cannons fired at 'Flames of Glory' and the oncoming spacecrafts. Though the cannons were slow to the flying ships, they managed to shoot down some drop ships before getting destroyed by Seraph plasma fire. The veteran and his team got out of a drop ship along with other Covenant. He turned to see the cruiser crash into the rocky ground.

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To be continued.

2. pwning heretics

-1Two Jackals with green shields patrolled a small area in a rocky plain. Just then a stream of plasma hit one of the Jackals and killed it. The remaining one looked to see who was there, but was smashed on the head. A stealth Elite materialized behind the Jackal and a Covenant Jackal came out with a beam rifle, along with some Elites and Grunts.

"The camp is this way" said the stealth Elite, walking off with the rest following him. Two minutes of cautious walking later they find the camp. It wasn't much, just some supply boxes, a few energy shields, a couple of vehicles, two Shades, and a communication device. A golden-armored Elite field master noticed the group and walked over to greet them. "About time you got here" he gruffly said "the heretics are busy securing the 'Flames of Glory', but some will find us soon enough."

"What of the High Prophets?" the Elite veteran decided to ask "are they safe?" The field master stared at the lower ranked veteran and answered "they are fine. Their honor guards have got them to escape safely. As for their location is none of your concern. Your concern is to slay those filthy heretics!" "But shouldn't we call for reinforcements?" asked an Elite. "I already tried" the golden Elite said "they jammed our signals. And because the heretics damaged the cruiser we're all stranded!"

"But enough of that" the field master nearly shouted "the Prophet of Ponder and his heretics have dared to defy the Covenant and therefore must suffer the consequences! Their base is northeast of here, and they will know we're coming. Even then, they will suffer!" The Elites let out a battle cry, the Grunts cheered, and the Jackals screeched. With as much weapons and supplies they could carry, the Covenant went to fight the heretics.

The veteran and two other Elites rode in Ghosts down a hill. Five green heretics Elites were at the bottom of the hill, noticing the intruders. "For the Holy Water!" said one heretic as they fired at the Ghosts. The veteran ran over a heretic and killed another with the Ghost's plasma fire. The last three heretic blasted one Ghost driver and were killed by the veteran and the other Elite before they continued on. The two encountered a heretic Grunt on a green Shade and were fired upon. The red Elite's Ghost was destroyed but he managed to fry the Grunt afterwards. Soon a group of heretic Jackals

charged by and the veteran got on the Shade and mowed them down with plasma.

Suddenly, the Elite driving the Ghost was hit by a green plasma projectile and was killed instantly. Overhead a yellowish green Banshee flew by and fired it's fuel rod cannon at the Shade. The veteran got out of the way and threw a plasma grenade. The grenade stuck on the aircraft and both exploded. The red-armored Elite walked alone as smoldering machinery and burnt corpses laid around him.

In the distance, he saw a green Wraith firing at something. He walked closer to see the field master and some Elites and Grunts cornered behind a damaged drop ship. The veteran fired at some explosives near the Wraith which blew them up. The Elite driver managed to survive, but the Elite veteran killed him easily. "It's you again" the field master said as ran past the destroyed Wraith "the base isn't too far. Let's go before they can prepare themselves." The veteran agreed and followed the golden Elite.

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To be continued.

3. Covenant shall smite thy

-1The Covenant had a base in Dogma, which was now the headquarters for the heretics. Inside, an Elite and a Grunt, both heretics, talked since they had nothing better to do. "Me scared" squeaked the Grunt "can we fight big Covenant with small us?" The Elite chuckled and replied "the great Prophet is wise and knows what he's doing. Soon those Forerunner worshippers shall taste true power!" "B-but" the Grunt spoke again "should we drink holy nipple first?" The Elite shook his head at the lesser being. "We cannot drink from the fountain yet" answered the large alien "not until the Prophet is ready to prepare for the cleansing." The Grunt laughed maniacally for some reason, and the Elite joined in. "Soon" the Elite said while still laughing "the Covenant will feel the wrath of-"

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

A Seraph had fired some plasma torpedoes and blew up a wall, ending the lives of the two heretics. More heretics came to find out what happened, and were massacred by two Hunters who entered through the new entrance, which a few Covenant-sided Elites entered in also. One of them was the veteran Elite.

"Alright warrior" said the field master, who was there also "me and a few special ops are going to find Ponder, you go clear out the base." With that, the golden Elite activated a plasma sword and went into a room on the left, while the red Elite and the other Elites and Hunters went in the room on the right. More heretics came and the Elites shot them down.

The next room had it's roof gone, which would a problem. The problem was that a heretic drop ship was overhead and noticed the intruders. It fired it's plasma cannon and the Covenant fled to the next room. Unfortunately, some Elites and the Hunters didn't make it. Too make things worse, heretics that might have been inside the drop ship

entered. The veteran smashed his plasma rifle into a Grunt's skull then fired on a heretic Elite. A heretic Jackal shot a charged-up plasma pistol projectile and hit the veteran. He retreated to a corner to have his shields recharged. He went back in action to finish off the heretics, but one Elite ally died when the veteran hid.

The next area was about two stories tall. The veteran and his remaining ally looked down to the bottom floor to see a lot of heretics run by. Since there were too many to take on, they decided to sneak out. A camouflaged heretic Elite killed the veteran's partner with a plasma sword. Surprised the red-armored Elite fired at the heretic. The un-cloaked Elite corpse went off the edge and fell to the bottom floor with a splat. The heretics below saw this and immediately fired towards the veteran. He ran for it, hoping there was help nearby. Instead, he encountered a pair of heretic Hunters.

The Hunters quickly fired their fuel rod guns, but the Elite managed to get out of the way. The veteran kept dodging attacks waiting for a chance to strike their weak points. One Hunter tried to hit the Elite with it's large shield, but accidentally hit it's partner instead. The other Hunter got mad and both began to fight. Now with a chance to attack, the red-armored veteran threw a plasma grenade and fired a few plasma rifle rounds on a Hunter's back. The Hunter fell, and the remaining one was enraged. Unfortunately, the Elite's plasma rifle had ran out of batteries, so he fled as the heavy armored heretic came after him.

Coming to a yellowish green-armored Grunt, he easily disarmed the alien and pushed it down. The Grunt didn't have any time to react, as the Hunter plowed through the shrimp. More heretics came down a corridor, and the veteran fired his newly-acquired Needler and let the rest get killed by the raging Hunter. Soon there was a dead end, and the Hunter was coming faster than ever. With no other good options left the veteran Elite waited and dodged the heretic Hunter at the last second. The armored alien crashed into the wall, the force cracking it. Now that it's back was turned, the Elite threw another plasma grenade on it's back. It exploded, but the Hunter was still alive and turned around. It was about to fire the fuel rod gun, but the ceiling, damaged by Seraph bombings and the wall too weak to hold it, fell on the Hunter. Not wanting to see if the heretic was alive or not, the Elite veteran ran off. Soon, luckily enough, he met some Covenant allies.

"About time someone came" grumbled another Elite veteran "we just found something that those heretics were protecting." The first red-armored Elite wondered what it is, and followed his comrade. Inside a very wide room, beside some Elites and Jackals and crates of plasma grenades, was a large fountain. It was yellowish green like the heretics' armor, and murky water poured from it. On the side of the fountain was three Covenant numbers, which were '616.' "I don't know why they would protect such a thing, but I say we should destroy it to show that the Covenant are superior! Jackals, toss some holy flares on it, wort wort wort!"

The Jackals complied and tossed a few plasma grenades on the fountain. Everyone stood back as the fountain soon exploded, which they cheered afterwards. "Eaugh!" the second veteran said "what is that stench?" The other veteran sniffed the air and gagged at a smell

of rotting meat. Everyone soon noticed yellow gas coming from a hole which the fountain once stood. The veterans and a few blue-armored Elites walked closer to see the hole was very deep, with no visible end in site. "Hmm, it seems there might be something down there" the second red-armored Elite muttered "brother, go to the communication post in that room over there and see if you can ask for assistance, we'll check this hole out." The veteran complied and went into the next room. Just as he was about to activate it, a scream came from the other room, along with plasma shots. As went back to see what was happening, a frantic Jackal accidentally fired a plasma shot at the crates of plasma grenades. The force of all the grenades exploding sent the Elite flying to the wall. He lost conscious as everyone screamed and fired.

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To be continued.

4. by the Prophets!

-1The Prophet of Ponder sat in a yellowish green hover chair, which moved past dead bodies of Elite honor guards. In front of him was a holding cell that used plasma shield to seal prisoners inside. The prisoners themselves were none other than the High Prophets of Regret, Truth, and Mercy. "My dear Prophets" Ponder said in a cheerful tone "how nice of you to come by. I hope you didn't have trouble on your way here."

"You filthy heretic!" Regret shouted "how dare you defy the Covenant and come here as if nothing has happened!" Ponder blinked unaffected by the yelling. "Well, I guess someone seems to be in a bad mood" replied Ponder, angering Regret more. In the darkness, one surviving honor guard Elite quietly snuck towards the heretic Prophet. Guessing that rescue was here, the High Prophets decided to not look at the Elite and continue talking to Ponder as if he still had control.

"But I'll get to the point" the Prophet of Ponder said "the reason I left the Covenant is because of the pointless worship of the Forerunner. For too long have we fruitlessly searched for the sacred rings, another day living as mere mortals. After all, this IS the Age of Doubt. But now, me and my followers have discovered something much more magical. Something that will REALLY take us to immortality!"

Just then, a sound of an energy sword activating caught Ponder's attention. He turned around to see his neck close to the energy sword wielded by the honor guard Elite. "It seems your heresy is now ended" the Prophet of Mercy said "finish him, noble warrior." The honor guard looked at Ponder in the eyes, and spoke "I want my payment." The High Prophets were surprised and confused, as the heretic Prophet gave six silver pieces of Covenant currency to the Elite.

"Oh yes" Ponder said "I forgot, you wondered how I captured you. Well, thanks to your honor guard, he ordered to have only one ship to come here AND sent my followers to your hideout. You should really consider having protectors who aren't so easily bribed." The Elite took offense to the comment, but went looking at his new six currency pieces. Regret looked like he was ready to leap out of the cell, but

Truth hold him back. "Well, I have business to do, good day" spoke the Prophet of Ponder and him and the honor guard turned to leave.

The Prophet of Truth quickly asked "but what is this magical something that you now worship?" Ponder stopped his hover chair and turned it back to the High Prophets. He grinned and answered "Why, the Flood!"

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To be continued.

5. deadly waves

-1The veteran awoke with pain. He slowly groaned as he stood up, and noticed everybody was gone. The Elite noticed a large reflective piece of a grenade crate and decided to look at himself on it. He looked terrible, there were scratches and cuts on his skin, cracks and scorch marks on his armor, and the two left mandibles of his face were gone. "By the rings" the veteran muttered.

The Elite grabbed the still-functional Needler and headed out of the room. The heretic base was awfully quiet, not to mention dark and slimy. He became a bit uncomfortable when he saw many plasma scorches and blood yet no corpses anywhere. A foot step other than his caught his and he turned around, seeing a silhouette of an Elite in the shadows. "You there!" the veteran shouted holding his Needler to the other Elite "are you friend or foe?" The silhouette just stood there, not making any sound. The red-armored Elite shouted again "show yourself!" The other Elite came forward, and the veteran wished the Elite went back into darkness.

The Elite was unnaturally horrifying. It's skin was yellowish green like the heretics' armor, but more rotten looking. The Elite looked like it was mangled, with the head bent 180 degrees. Tentacles sprouted from the arms and neck, and a large strange lump was in the center of the torso. The Elite screeched loudly, and charged towards the veteran. He moved back and fired at the monster. The Elite monster screeched again, but the glowing needles exploded ending the monster's miserable existence. "I hope there isn't any more of them" the veteran muttered to himself. He turned around and cursed.

Two Grunts, bloated and mutated like the one Elite, slowly moved towards the veteran. He decided it wasn't worth it and ran away from them. He ran through a couple of rooms, and entered a large room with two mutant Elites down one floor. They noticed the normal Elite and the one armed with a plasma rifle fired at him. He shot at the armed mutant until the needles exploded and killed it, but then the other monster jumped to the second floor and punched the Elite with a tentacle-filled arm. The energy shield still worked and the veteran Elite didn't suffer any damage, but the punch was pretty strong and almost depleted the shield's energy. The veteran pistol whipped the monster with the top and pointy part of his Needler, and knocked the monster's head off! And thing was, IT WAS STILL ALIVE!

The veteran hit the monster again and it fell back to the bottom floor. He ran again before it could jump back up. He pasted through an automatic door, and disabled it as the door shut so the monster

couldn't get through. The veteran soon heard banging on the other side, thankful that the mutants couldn't punch through metal. He saw the exit out of the base and left the terrible place. After taking three steps on the surface of Dogma, they came. A pack of bloated yellowish green tentacle-armed bugs skittered right after the red-armored Elite. He fired needles at them, but they were ineffective. Soon they were leaping at him, tentacles first. Two touched him and exploded in spores from the energy shields, but also damaged the shield.

More of the parasites leapt at their prey and exploded. Soon the energy shield was depleted and another one finally got on his chest and impaled the tentacles through his chest. He screamed in pain and dropped his Needler to pull out the bug with both his hands. The veteran got the parasite out and squeezed it until it burst, and then started stomping on the last ones. But just as the energy shield was recharging another wave came, three times bigger than the first. He braced himself for a hard battle, but then a miracle came. A non-heretic Banshee came and fired it's fuel rod cannons on the parasites. In a matter of seconds the swarm was vaporized. The Banshee landed near the veteran and out came the pilot, the golden Elite field master!

"By the Prophets" the golden Elite exclaimed "I can't believe there's another survivor!" The red-armored veteran was curious what was going on and asked "what has happened here, noble field master? What are thoseâ€|â€|.things?" The field master looked to the ground and shook his head "our brothers have discovered something precious to the heretics and destroyed it. Soon after, those small disgusting vermin came. They were weak at first, but then came in larger numbers. Then, they got them, the Covenant, the heretics, anyone they could get they got! And then, they changed their victims intoâ€|â€|..monsters! Our weapons were practically useless against them! Everyone is gone! Everybody either died by the parasite or their tormented brethren! How can such creatures be born like that?"

The veteran was silent. Elites were pure warriors, and learned to have no fear. But yet these creatures managed to frighten one of the Covenant's best like an infant Grunt. With nothing else on his mind, the lower ranked Elite asked "have they gotten the High Prophets?" The golden-armored one looked at his comrade in surprise. "The P-Prophets?" the field master stuttered "I completely forgot! The High Prophets are back in 'Flames of Glory!' The Engineers have successfully fixed the cruiser before the vermin appeared. We must go there before the parasite infest the place!" The field master gave the veteran his spare plasma rifle and four plasma grenades and went back in the Banshee. The veteran Elite uncomfortably sat on the top of Banshee and the aircraft soon took off towards the 'Flames of Glory.'

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To be continued.

6. Flames to Glory

-1The 'Flames of Glory' flew in the depths of slip-space. Hiding inside a hanger bay, a field master Elite and a veteran Elite looked around for any enemies. "Strange" the veteran said "the ship left

Dogma after we got here, but there doesn't seem to be anybody around." "Something tells me we're not in safety yet" the field master said activating his plasma sword "come." The two walked in the dark and eerie corridors of the carrier ship. They saw no one as they walked around, but they had a feeling something was watching them. After a couple of minutes of undisturbed walking, they reached the ship's bridge.

The red-armored Elite smelled something coming from the other side of the door leading to the bridge, and when it opened up the Elites were in shock. Right in the center of the control area was a giant blob made of mutated bodies. It also had large tentacles that were connected to the holographic control system of the carrier.

"Iâ€¦..can't believe this" the golden-armored Elite said "those thingsâ€¦..they can also control ships?" The veteran was too stunned to speak, he just looked at one Elite head that was on the blob which looked like the ship master of the 'Flames of Glory.'

"Unidentified carrier!" a static voice of an Elite spoke "stat your identity, or prepare to be destroyed!" The two Elites wondered who that was and saw the main screen that showed the view outside the carrier. Their ship appeared to have gotten out of slip-space and was now facing towards the holy city of High Charity. The voice of the ship master, in a rather unemotional tone, replied "This is the 'Flames of Glory', we have came back from Dogma with something wonderful to bring." The Elites stood wide-eyed and heard the other Elite answer "The 'Flames of Glory?' S-sorry to delay the High Prophets, shall we send a Seraph to pick up the Prophets?" "No need" said the ship master's voice, which seemed to come from the large blob "the Prophets wish to be welcomed with no security forces as it will ruin their surprise." "Yes sir" responded a confused-sounding Elite who then ended the communication signal.

"No!" shouted the veteran as he ran to the controls. He tried to send another signal to warn High Charity, but the blob had just blocked the signals. "Damn it!" he shouted "we should had stop this damn thing while had the chance, now those parasites are going to infect High Charity and with the advantage of no security!" "There is still time" the field master comforted the other soldier "in case of a take over, the 'Flames of Glory' has a emergency detonation system which we can use. But the detonation is delayed, so that gives us enough time to find the Prophets and escape." The veteran thought about it, and said "so be it." The golden-armored Elite then hacked off the blob's tentacles and was starting the detonation, while the red-armored Elite was looking at the ship's map hoping to find the High Prophets with a tracking device. As soon as the field master activated the detonation, a loud beeping noise confirmed the activation and a sound of unnatural roaring confirmed that mutants were coming after them. "I found the Prophets" the veteran quickly said "they are in the holding cell a few corridors from here, let's go!"

As they ran outside the bridge, two mutated Elites and one mutated Grunt was coming from down the corridor. The golden-armored Elite sliced his infected brethren with his sword while the lesser Elite fired his plasma rifle at the Grunt. The two monsters fell quickly and the bloated Grunt fell, only to explode and send out a couple of parasites out of it's body. The Elites didn't have time for this and simply charged right through the vermin, letting their energy shields take care of the pests. Soon dozens of the parasites and their

mutated hosts came to end the lives of their prey. Once again, the field master cut down the Elite mutants and the veteran fired plasma and threw grenades at the mutant Grunts and bugs. One plasma grenade's explosion knocked a Grunt carrier to next to his bloated siblings and creating a chain reaction, also getting many creepy crawlers too. The Elites though continued running, passing through a fog of spores and bug guts.

At last, after managing to get past the countless monsters, the Elites entered the holding cell area and closed and deactivated the door behind them. With no time to lose, they freed the surprised Prophets from their prison. "Honorable High Prophets" the gold-armored field master spoke as he and the veteran bowed before the three leaders "we come to rescue you from this dreaded place. Now let us leave before we all are eaten by the parasites!" The veteran, thinking for a moment, speaks "but how will we escape? The way to the hanger is filled with parasites and the 'Flames of Glory' is about to detonate!" The field master blinked, then groaned at his stupidity. "I've failed you, great Prophets" he sorrowfully said "may the Forerunner have mercy on us all!"

The High Prophet of Truth looked at the depressed Elite and spoke "do not give up now, noble Elite. We have been suspicious of the trip to Dogma and we haven't come unprepared." The Prophet pressed a button on his hover chair and a secret door opened at the end of the holding cells, leading to an escape pod. Surprised by their luck, the Elites escorted the Prophets to the pod. As they got near the entrance to the pod, they heard multiple loud bangs and saw that the deactivated door was being dented from the mutants on the other side.

"The parasites will be upon us!" shouted the field master "warrior, you get the Prophets out of here while I hold the vermin off." The golden-armored Elite then tossed his plasma sword to the red-armored Elite. "And by the way" the field master said "you proved yourself to wield an honorary weapon, now go!" The veteran looked at his new sword, then activated the escape pod which he and the High Prophets were already in. The pod's door sealed just as the monsters got into the holding cells. The veteran could hear an Elite war cry along with mutants screeching before the pod detached off the 'Flames of Glory.' As the pod went to High Charity, the remaining Elite watched the carrier explode while the Prophets remained silent.

The escape pod soon stopped on a landing zone in High Charity. The veteran got out first, and was in front of a large angry Covenant army! "Freeze!" shouted an Elite officer "you are under arrest for the destruction of the 'Flames of Glory' and the High Prophets! "We are alive" said the Prophet of Mercy as he and the other Prophets got out of the pod, relieving the Covenant forces "this warrior has helped escape from a deadly enemy!" "And what deadly enemy is that?" asked the Elite officer. He soon got his answer when a yellowish green blur came off the top of the escape pod and sliced the officer in two. The blur soon ran towards the Prophets, but the veteran quickly tackled the blur and both fell off the landing zone.

The veteran landed back-first on hard metal. He groaned a bit and stood up. The Elite noticed he was at an unfinished area of High Charity, with Engineers flying around and working. A snarl caught the veteran's attention and turned to see something horrifying. It was another mutant, but one was the Prophet of Ponder connected to an Elite, and judging by the glowing pieces on it's torso it might have

an honor guard. The mutant roared and sent a flying kick to the veteran's face. The Elite grabbed the mutant's rotten leg and ripped it off, then started swinging it at the monster. It blocked it's leg with some tentacles, and the mutant and the Elite were parrying each other's attack like a sword fight. As they fought, Engineers just continued working as if nothing is happening.

After three minutes of parrying, the mutant got the upper hand and disarmed the veteran. With no ripped-off leg to defend himself, the Elite was hit with many tentacles and was knocked down by a wall. The mutant killed a nearby Engineer and took a heavy metal object it was carrying. Exhausted and beaten, the veteran watched as the monster came closer and closer. He was ready to give up, but then he remembered the field master, and his sword he gave to the veteran. Remembering he still has it, he slowly moves his hand to his side. The mutant was now in front of the Elite, raising the metal object then sending it right to the red-armored Elite's skull. Suddenly, the veteran instantly moves out of the way, activates the plasma sword, and impales the mutant.

With pure energy flowing through it's veins, the mutant explodes in pieces. The veteran wiped off the slime from his face and deactivated his sword, satisfied with his victory. He was about to leave when he noticed the Prophet of Ponder's head, still breathing. The Elite picked up the head and looked at it, seeing the head look at him. "H-how did you...get there powers?" asked Ponder's head. The Elite was confused and was about to speak, but multiple plasma projectiles came and obliterated the head to nothing. The veteran turned to see an Elite ranger with two overheated plasma rifles. "The Prophets wish to see you" said the ranger.

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To be continued.

7. lol number seven

-1High Charity, the main Covenant space station, had floated over the planet Dogma. Covenant battleships fired at the planet, glassing it's surface. The entire city of High Charity was busy watching holographic images of the High Prophets giving a speech. "fellow Covenant, my brothers and I have brought you over this terrible world" said the images of the Prophet of Truth "at this planet, we have been ambushed by heretics, captured because of a betrayer, and nearly killed by a new enemy. This new enemy, the Flood, had easily defeated the Covenant and the heretics. But yet the High Prophets live, coming back with our true power. We thank the Forerunner for our miracle, but also someone else."

The High Prophets themselves were in the ceremonial hall, where they give soldiers ranks that deserve to be in the presence of the Prophets. Standing proudly was the Elite veteran. He didn't have any armor on so he was a bit nude, and he still had no left mandibles on his face. Next to his side was the deactivated handle of the field master's plasma sword, which he now called his own weapon. "Noble warrior of the Covenant" said the Prophet of Regret "you have saved us and stopped an enemy invasion on High Charity, for that we are eternally grateful." "For your deeds you are hereby promoted to Ultra rank!" said the Prophet of Mercy. Hovering down in front of the Elite

was a suit of white-colored armor, which he then happily put on.

"But a promotion is not as good as the deeds you have done" Mercy continued as the new ultra was putting on his armor "you are also now the commander of the Blade of the Prophets!" The Elite was shocked. The Blade of the Prophets was the High Prophets' personal special operations forces. Some of the best Elites and Grunts are in it, but now he was the COMMANDER of the entire thing! "Thank you, great Prophets" the commander bowed, now fully armored. Honor guards and minor Prophets who were in the ceremonial hall applauded for the ultra Elite, and mostly likely everyone else at High Charity.

With the ceremony over, the Prophets left with their honor guards escorting them. The commander was the only one left in the hall, just standing there. He was overjoyed with his new rank, but something troubled him. Where did the Flood come from? With no way of knowing now that Dogma has been glassed, the ultra decides to exit the ceremonial hall and get used to his new home. But something told him the Flood would come back somehowâ€|.â€|.

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THE END!

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